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TRUTH:

A

VISION.

MOST HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE

PRINCE of WALES:

On His Royal Highness's Birth-Day, June 4, 1758.

BY

JOHN LOCKMAN,
Secretary to the Society of the Free Britiſh Fiſhery.

Preſented to His Royal Highness at Savile Houſe.

Victura feratur
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod Tigride victo
Noſtra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi;
Alta quòd invectus fractis Capitolia Dacis,
Quàm patriæ quòd mitis erat. CLAUDIAN.

LONDON,
Printed for R. and J. Dodsley, at Tully's Head, in Pall-Mall;
and ſold by M. Cooper, in Pater-Noſter Row.
MDCCLVIII.
[Price Sixpence.

To
the reverend David Dr Birch:
from the Author.

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Prefixed is His Royal Highness's Birth-Day Ode.

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GREEN were the Trees; with Flowers the Meads were crown'd:
The woodland Choriſters ſang ſweetly round:
On the ſlow-riſing Hill ſoft Lambkins play'd,
While the Stream murmur'd thro' the diſtant Glade:
All Nature's Face ſeem'd, more than uſual, gay,
To add new Beauties to departed *May*.

Thus ſhone the Seaſon, when, near Thames reclin'd,
Thoughts, of fam'd Britain's HEIR, engroſs'd my Mind.
Their various Charms Attention fondly drew,
Till, ſunk in Sleep, a lucid Form I view.
The Splendors round Her ſpake cœleſtial Birth. ——
" See TRUTH, (She cries,) again reviſits Earth.

" Diſ-

" Diſpell'd the Gloom which FALSHOOD ſtrives to raiſe,
" When, on the Earth, I wou'd dart forth my Rays:
" Wou'd trace the Windings of my ſubtle Foe,
" Which Harmony and Juſtice overthrow:
" Wou'd Fraud unmaſk; fierce War 'gainſt Error wage;
" And, to Mankind, reſtore the Golden Age.

" But they ungrateful; by Self-Intereſt ſway'd,
" Whoſe mean Exceſſes ſocial Life degrade:
" By Paſſions dragg'd a thouſand different Ways;
" Or, ſadly loſt, in Pleaſure's dangerous Maze;
" Oft ſlight my Voice; my Inſpirations ſcorn,
" Tho reas'ning Man for Rectitude was born.

" Yet, for Their Happineſs, I ceaſeleſs burn,
" Elſe rarely ſhou'd, to this vain Globe, return.
" But when a Nation merits Aid, I fly;
" And now, well pleas'd, have left my native Sky,
" To cheriſh Britain, whoſe Imperial HEIR,
" Whoſe gracious KING, whoſe PEOPLE claim my Care.

" Hark! where juſt Senators invoke my Name.
" Pray, that my Light may Their young Prince inflame;
" Which, to His Eye, like fam'd Ithuriel's Spear,
" Might, in their genuine Form, bid Things appear. ——

" Hated

" Hated IMPOSTURE's Fall may Thrones ſecure,
" And, to a People, laſting Weal inſure."
—:
Here, for a Moment, paus'd th' ætherial Shade,
Then, with a Smile Seraphic, farther ſaid.

" E'er, round the Sun, this Earth again ſhall wheel,
" The Skies will th' Anniverſary reveal;
" Will mark the Day, when, by propitious Heav'n,
" A SON to much lov'd FREDERIC was giv'n. ——
" When, paſt ſome Hours, the Flower of all the Land,
" O'erjoy'd, before the Royal YOUTH ſhall ſtand:
" Shall hail the Bleſſings which, from GEORGE, deſcend;
" Wiſh that His Race, with lateſt Time, may end: ——
" Thou, when the PRINCE from this bright Scene retires,
" Approach :— my Service Confidence inſpires.
" Let Awe be mix'd: this Homage PRINCES claim,
" Whoſe Boſoms glow with Virtue's ſacred Flame.
" Then, tho' in Shade thou liv'ſt, to Fame unknown;
" With not an Acre Thou can'ſt call Thine Own:
" Tho' Fortune rarely ſhed on Thee Her Beams;
" With Leiſure bleſs'd, or ſooth'd Thy tuneful Dreams:
" Tho' few Patricians, ſtudious of Thy Weal,
" Smile on Thy Verſe, or hint at Thy known Zeal;

" Which boldly cou'd each traiterous Threat withſtand,
" When mad Rebellion rag'd thro' half the Land:
" Yet will the Royal YOUTH not ſcorn Thy Lyre:—
" He pleas'd may liſten, for Thou lov'd'ſt his SIRE."

A Bluſh ſeem'd, now, to tinge my glowing Cheek—
" In Words, like theſe, (adds the bright BEING) ſpeak.

" Great YOUTH!—th' illuſtrious Lineage whence You ſprung,
" Whoſe patriot Glory nobleſt Bards have ſung.
" The Streams of Science which bedew Your Mind,
" Promiſe a KING, the Darling of Mankind.
" Such may You ſhine!—Tho' Obſtacles will riſe,—
" Falſe Glory's Glare wou'd faſcinate Your Eyes,
" And paint a MONARCH, as by Terror crown'd,
" With reptile Sycophants adoring round:
" Wou'd urge, Force only can Obedience draw,
" And, that the Royal Will, muſt be the Law.
" That Men, by Nature rank'd with meaneſt Things,
" Were form'd to be the cruel Sport of Kings:
" That Kings, like GOD, omnipotent ſhou'd ſhine;
" Hence, that Sway uncontroul'd, muſt be divine:
" That 'mid the Paſſions which the Soul inſpire,
" None is ſo glorious as Ambition's Fire,

" Which breaking forth, tremendous Bolts are hurl'd,
" To terrify, enthrall, and thin the World.——
" Dire Doctrine this!— Hence Kings oft War proclaim,
" And, tho' unjuſt, atteſt th' Almighty Name.
" But O! for War there can be no Pretence,
" Except for Wrongs receiv'd, or Self-Defence:—
" 'Tis Murther elſe!—thence no true Lawrels ſpring:—
" Such Conqueror's a *Cartouche*, and not a KING:
" And, like His Life, oft wretched is His Doom,
" By Dagger ſnatch'd, or Poiſon, to the Tomb.
" To him, tho' venal Bards Their Voices raiſe,
" And, thro' the Earth, bid Echo chaunt His Praiſe;
" Yet will Poſterity dart forth Their Eye;
" Tear down his Trophies as They Guilt deſcry:
" His hated Name to Infamy conſign:—
" Leave, future Judgment, to the Will divine.

" But HE, who draws the Sword a Land to ſave,
" When Rebels riſe, or Aliens wou'd enſlave:
" When Thoſe, on Rapine bent, will Things confound,
" Or fierce Invaſion waves her Banner round:—
" Such King acts conſonant to GOD's Command;
" O then the Scepter brightens in His Hand!——
" See Him, a Father to His People riſe!
" See," at their Head, He fierce to Battle flies!——

" If

" If Dangers threaten in the crimſon'd Field,
" With filial Piety Their Liege They ſhield.
" To ſave His precious Life, Their Own expoſe,
" Reſolv'd to periſh, or to cruſh His Foes.
" To Heav'n Their Shouts, if He ſucceeds, aſcend;
" And, " Bleſs Him!" " Bleſs Him!" all His Steps attend.—
" O'ercome, (for Juſtice may not, here, prevail,
" Deep hid the Cauſe beneath Heav'ns awful Veil,)
" Yet wou'd His glorious Struggle be renown'd; —
" Or, if He Fall, kind Cherubs hov'ring round,
" Will, to th' ætherial Seats his Soul convey,
" Where He, illum'd by the eternal Ray,
" Shall with His kindred Heroes ever ſhine,
" Transform'd His mortal Frame, to a divine."

The ſacred Viſitant here breath'd a Sigh,
And Pity's Tear ſeem'd melting in Her Eye,
While War's fell Horrors were the doleful Theme.—
Then ſtarting, as from a tumultuous Dream.—
" Whilſt of theſe Woes, (cries She,) Mankind complain,
" Thou, humbly, thus purſue the honeſt Strain.

" Young Prince! tho' Blood-ſtain'd Lawrels proudly ſhine,
" O be the Olive Wreathe for ever Thine!

" Thine

" Thine be the Halcyon Reign, with not a Cloud,
" The Beauties of a ſingle Day to ſhroud.
" Thine, to bid Liberty aſſert her Claim;
" Thine by the Muſes to win deathleſs Fame;
" For Peace and Freedom are the Muſes Heav'n;
" And Immortality, by Theſe, is giv'n.—— 130
" PEACE, like the Sun, on all Things Life beſtows:
" Illum'd by Peace, each Object brighter glows.
" Cheer'd by her Influence, Commerce ſpreads her Wing;
" The poliſh'd Arts their various Tributes bring.
" Plenty, with Roſes crown'd, pours forth Her Store,
" And the glad People Freedom's Charm adore.
" Virtue and Science nobleſt Deeds inſpire,
" Heighten'd Their Radiance by Religion's Fire:
" Whilſt ſweet Content enlivens ev'ry Eye,
" Fix'd, on the Bleſſings, ſtarry Realms ſupply. 140

" But WAR, which cruelly bid Horrors rage,
" Will Miſeries tranſmit from Age to Age.
" War, like the Lightning's Blaſt, tremendous plays,
" Deſtroying all Things in it's rapid Blaze.
" In vain th' inventive Power of ſtudious Art,
" From Canvas bids the glowing Figures ſtart:

" Bids ſculptur'd Marble breathe Promethean Fire;
" Bids the proud Dome to diſtant Clouds aſpire:
" Works long preſerv'd, by TIME, to feaſt his Eye,
" And worthy, only with Himſelf to die.——
" All theſe, dire War ſhall in one Ruin ſweep,
" Swifter than furious Tempeſts laſh the Deep.
" With them involv'd, Plantations, Cities, fall:——
" And O! God's Image, Man, who fram'd Them All.

" Since War is one perpetual Scene of Woe,
" And ſince, from Peace, ſuch laſting Bleſſings flow;
" Deteſted be that KING, by ev'ry Voice,
" Who, from Ambition, ſhou'd make War his Choice;
" And barbarous deem'd, that fiery Quixot's View,
" Who wept, when he cou'd but one World ſubdue.

" How different are th' Impulſes of thy Soul,
" (Great PRINCE!) which gen'rous Thoughts alone controul!
" Happy's thy Nature!—from the Parent Root,
" Spring the rare Virtues of the future Shoot.
" Humanity inſpir'd juſt FREDERIC's Breaſt;
" And, in AUGUSTA, Sweetneſs ſits confeſt.
" To prove Compaſſion in Thy GRANDSIRE ſhines,
" See how reluctant He to Death * conſigns!

" Yet

* *Alluding to his Majeſty's Lenity, with regard to condemn'd Criminals.*

" Yet the ſame Arm the Lance cou'd bravely wield;
" Oppoſe, 'gainſt Tyranny, bright Freedom's Shield,
" When Gallic Hoſts o'erſpread Germania's Plains,
" And Europe trembled at impending Chains.—
" Fierce as the Eagle, gentle as the Dove,
" KINGS, when thus fram'd, win univerſal Love.

" Paſt certain Years, and Fate may bring the Day,
" When Thou ſhalt Britain's patriot Scepter ſway.
" Shou'd France, again, our Colonies invade;
" Burn our rich Fact'ries, and diſtreſs our Trade:
" Our Romiſh Sons to foul Sedition rouſe,
" While They a Wanderer's mock Cauſe eſpouſe:
" To univerſal Empire ſtretch Her Aim,
" And, with Her Politics, the World inflame:—
" Then, call'd to Action, greatly wilt Thou riſe,
" Thy Love, for Britain, ſparkling in Thine Eyes.
" FREEDOM the Word!—tranſported at the Sound,
" (The ſweet Enthuſiaſm flying round,)
" Thy martial Bands ſhall ruſh upon the Foe,
" Who, all amaz'd, at Their ſwift Overthrow;
" Shall ſadly think of what Their Annals tell,
" When roſe our Croſs, and when Their Lillies fell.

" How

" How glorioufly our KING at Creffy fought!
" At Agincourt what wondrous Things were wrought!
" Think, in Thy Fire, They our fifth HENRY ſee,
" And England's Heroes all reviv'd in Thee."

As the bright Viſitant theſe Accents ſpoke,
Methought, a Peal of Thunder round Me broke.
The bliſsful Viſion, at the Din, withdrew,
When, on th' adjacent Cliff, I Cannon view:
O'er the proud Tower the Royal Standard flies,
While, round and round, theſe Acclamations riſe:

" Sacred to FREEDOM be this natal * Morn!
" And long, may blooming GEORGE, theſe Realms adorn!" 202

* Many dramatic Poets have apologized for Their breaking the Unity of Time, (among others.) Our Author thinks it neceſſary to requeſt His candid Readers, not to examine too minutely into the Time, between His ſuppos'd falling aſleep, and his waking, as an Incongruity muſt ariſe from thence: But if They, nevertheleſs, ſhou'd make ſuch Scrutiny, He then deſires that what is here hinted at, may be rank'd among the *Licentiæ Poeticæ*.— He adds, that Many will, very probably, charge him with too great a *Sameneſs*, in thoſe Parts of the Poem where He ſpeaks concerning Peace, War, and Heroiſm: but this he would have avoided, had He not writ wholly from the Heart, which was then too much crouded with Thoſe intereſting Ideas, for Him to ſtop their honeſt, tho' artleſs Impetuoſity.

FINIS.